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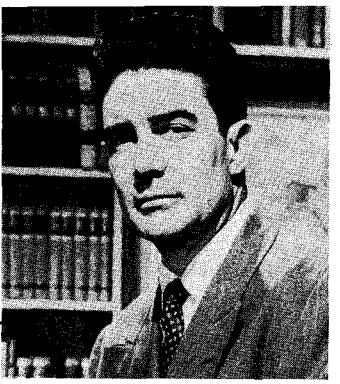

DAN SMOOT

THE CIVIL RIGHTS OF PERRY SMAW

by Mabeth E. Smoot and Sue Fitch

On July 17, 1965, 17 negroes and a white woman were arrested during a disturbance at a negro tavern in Springfield, Massachusetts. Negro leaders, charging police brutality, threatened to turn Springfield into a "Selma of the North." Negro demonstrations and mass rallies devoted to reviling the white race created such fears and tensions that Mayor Charles V. Ryan asked for the national guard to protect the community. Mayor Ryan said:

"We won't submit to mob rule."

The editor of a Springfield, Massachusetts, newspaper said:

"In my belief, the ingredients for 'a Northern Selma' just aren't here. To get something like that started, the agitators would have to use imported scalawags."

A Springfield, Massachusetts, police officer said:

"What we've just been through here can change a man's thinking. At the time of the trouble in Selma last March, my sympathies were with the Negroes who wanted to be voters. I was inclined to scoff at the complaints the Alabama authorities were making about 'outside agitators.'

"But now I believe I know what those Alabama officials were talking about. North or South, it's a nasty thing when outsiders come in and stir up trouble."

If the 162,000 whites in Springfield, Massachusetts, outnumbering negroes in that city ten to one, fear the consequences of outside agitators stirring up the negroes, how do whites feel in a little Alabama town of 3000, where negroes outnumber whites five to one — where white agitators from the north and communist-fronting negro leaders like Martin Luther King work ceaselessly to create hatred of local whites?

There is no hope of saving our nation from race war and anarchy until people in the North and West understand what is happening in the so-called civil rights movement in the South. It

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may take more bloody orgies like the one in Los Angeles, more trouble like that in Springfield, to create the necessary understanding, because the northern and western press, and federal officials, will not let the people know the truth until awful reality is exposed by blood and violence.

Violence, or suspected violence, *against* civil rights workers in the South makes screaming headlines in the nation's press, prompts editorials bitterly denouncing southern whites, and brings angry intervention by the federal government. Violence *by* civil rights workers in the South is praised, excused, or ignored.

Two recent cases illustrate this double standard.

On August 14, 1965, Jonathan Daniels (a white, Episcopal seminary student from Keene, New Hampshire) and Richard Morrisroe (a white, bearded Roman Catholic priest from Chicago) were arrested, together with a group of negroes, for violation of law in connection with racial agitation activities in Lowndes County, Alabama.

A few hours after their release from jail on August 20, 1965, Daniels and Morrisroe were shot down at a grocery store in Hayneville, Alabama, where they allegedly were leading negroes in a picketing demonstration. Daniels was killed, Morrisroe severely wounded. The man charged with the shooting is Tom Coleman (white, age 52) a prominent and respected Hayneville citizen who serves as an unpaid, part-time deputy.

The Department of Justice ordered an FBI investigation. President Lyndon B. Johnson sent flowers and a telegram to Morrisroe in the hospital, and a telegram of condolence to Daniels' mother in New Hampshire.

On five successive days (August 21-25), *The New York Times* published nine news stories (two of them on the front page) and one long editorial dealing with the Hayneville case.

In contrast, there is the case of Perry Smaw.

Perry Smaw (age 87), negro farmer near Greensboro, Alabama, was noted for his outspoken criticism of civil rights agitators who had been creating turmoil all summer in the community of Greensboro. On Sunday morning, August 22, Smaw's daughter found him unconscious, bleeding and near death, in his three-room farm house about six miles from Greensboro. His skull had been crushed by a blow with an iron frying pan — a blow so hard that it broke the pan. Smaw's tongue had been pulled out as far as possible and cut off, "all the way back to his tonsils." Perry Smaw died August 27, 1965, without regaining consciousness.

Governor George C. Wallace offered a $1,000 reward (the maximum amount the State can give) for information leading to conviction of Smaw's assailants. The Governor said:

"To my knowledge, the Department of Justice has not ordered an FBI investigation of a civil rights violation in this case. President Johnson did not send flowers or messages of condolence to Perry Smaw's grieving family. But here in Alabama, we are concerned with protecting the civil rights of all citizens — black and white."

The New York Times — which had given over a thousand lines of space, in nine news stories and one editorial, to the slaying of a civil rights worker in Hayneville, Alabama — ran one 30-line story on page 21C reporting the attack on Perry Smaw. There were no follow-up stories — not even to report that Smaw had died: no feature stories about his life and grieving relatives, no editorial comment.

Who was Perry Smaw? What kind of community did he live in? We went to Greensboro to find out.

Before reaching our destination, we learned that Roosevelt Long (a 21-year-old negro, taken into custody several days earlier) had confessed to the murder of Perry Smaw. Brief news accounts issued previously referred to the search for Smaw's "assailants," "attackers," and "terrorists" — indicating a belief, or assumption, that *one* man could not have committed the crime. Our interest in details of the murder increased.

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Greensboro lies northwest of Montgomery and Selma, on the edge of the great Black Prairie Belt. We approached the town along the famous Montgomery-Selma highway, bordered by tall moss-covered trees, and stretching uncrowded and peaceful before us in the hot morning sun. It was difficult to imagine this road, as it had looked several months before, commandeered for the use of Martin Luther King's brigade, supported and protected by the federal government, inspired and led by "imported scalawags."

Remembering, we wondered how we would be received in Greensboro — we fellow Texans of Lyndon Baines Johnson, whom the editor of the Greensboro newspaper calls "this dangerous, destructive autocrat in command."

William C. Christian, Mayor of Greensboro, received us with a gracious courtesy which included the gesture of gathering a number of the town's officials for proper introduction. The long, hot, harassing summer had not affected this community's official, or individual, manners.

It was readily apparent that civic leaders and officials of Greensboro, and members of the negro community (who asked firmly to remain unnamed) were far more interested in the reason for Perry Smaw's death than we could ever be. Neither in Greensboro (nor later when we talked with Colonel Albert Lingo — State Director of Public Safety — and members of his staff) did we find the "red neck bigots" who (according to civil rights leaders and many national news "authorities") are indigenous to the climate of Alabama.

The Alabamans *we saw* are people enduring, with admirable dignity, the indignities of a second Reconstruction.

In the latter stages of the Civil War, when Federal troops poured into Alabama, they bypassed Greensboro and pushed to the East and West. The cotton economy was prostrate by then. With no industry to help the Southern war effort, Greensboro was not considered worth burning.

Because of this blessing (there are those who consider it an unfortunate oversight), Greensboro might be called an heirloom in the old South. Here are some of the finest examples of ante-bellum architecture in existence. Giant magnolia trees still shade the churches and mansions of the ante-bellum gentry, many of whose descendants became leading statesmen, soldiers, educators, clergymen.

In this setting, Greensboro treasures the beauty of its antiquity, as its people work to build a modern agricultural economy: dairying, poultry, livestock, timber, cotton — industry suited to the rich land of the Black Belt. Some would say that the past is "glorified" here. It would be more accurate to say that the landmarks of a proud heritage are not forgotten, nor abandoned here. In a similar way, it is obvious that Perry Smaw refused to abandon his own "heritage" — which began, and ended, on the site of the Alexander McAlpine Plantation, the boundaries of which were stipulated in a land grant signed by President James Monroe in 1824.

One of Alexander McAlpine's daughters married a Scot named Isaiah Smaw. At the end of the Civil War, many freed slaves followed the custom of the time and adopted the name of the family to whom they had belonged.

One hundred years later, Perry Smaw (the descendant of an Isaiah Smaw slave) lived six miles west of Greensboro in a house that would have wrung the heart and doubled the enthusiasm of any Poverty Program representative. Investigation reveals, however, that the 87-year-old negro farmer owned the 100 acres of rich cotton land surrounding his weather-beaten three-room home, where he lived by choice with one companion, a mongrel dog.

A few miles down the road from "Perry's Place" is the neat, attractive farm house of Ernest Smaw, Perry's oldest son. From Tuscaloosa, Perry's daughter, Marie Cadell, came often to check on her father's needs and take him to services at the Springfield Baptist Church.

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In his prime, Smaw stood six feet, a dominant and influential figure among other negroes in the community. He was considered a "prosperous farmer who worked eight to ten mules." Unusually skilled in training bird dogs, Smaw had been a hunting companion of leading white citizens in Greensboro — including Probate Judge W. H. Knight, whose great-grandfather was Isaiah Smaw. By the spring of 1965, Perry had retired from actively working his farm. When necessary, he hired other negroes to work for him. He was growing feeble with age, given to "dizzy spells," and was quite hard of hearing. He came into town less often. When he did come, he saw things he neither liked nor understood.

Young white strangers (who, Perry learned, were civil rights workers) gathered with teen-age negroes (some of whom he knew) at the African Methodist Episcopal Church on Morse Street. By May, 1965, civil rights workers in Greensboro had become quite militant. Encouraging teen-age local negroes to "join the cause," they padlocked a negro school, even though 200 students protested because they could not attend classes. When school authorities refused diplomas to seniors who had not attended school during the last three weeks of the term, there was a cry of indignation.

Perry Smaw was not in town that day in May when Martin Luther King came to Greensboro for a few hours. Dr. King shook hands with the delighted pastor of the Morse Street A.M.E. Church (the Reverend A. T. Days) and made a speech to the negro students. If the students who failed to receive their diplomas would come to Selma, King would give them graduating certificates from his "Freedom School."

After King's visit in Greensboro, there was increased activity at Days' A.M.E. Church, located near the home of Mayor and Mrs. Christian. The church had become headquarters for self-appointed civil rights leaders, and camp followers (white and negro) who worked feverishly, encouraging (and, when necessary, pressuring) older negroes to take part in the civil rights activity and agitation.

The white citizens remained calm in this community of less than 3000 population, in Hale County where negroes outnumber whites about five to one.

During early June, white divinity students from the North came to Greensboro to intensify the civil rights agitation. More pressures were brought on the older "moderate and responsible" negroes in the community, who were told where they could shop. Sacks of groceries were knocked from the hands of those who bought in picketed stores. Other negroes, who refused to quit long standing jobs with white families, were threatened.

In mid-July, Greensboro attracted national newspaper notice. Two small negro country churches burned down at night. A rural white church also burned, with less attention.

More civil rights leaders and demonstrators converged on Greensboro. On Friday, July 16, a massive demonstration was held at the Court House. A riot was narrowly avoided.

The Hale County Red Cross Chapter's blood bank drive in Greensboro presented a new cause for agitation. The blood bank drive was picketed by demonstrators (most of whom were under the "donor" age limit of 18) who insisted on giving blood, and demonstrating in a mass march to the town armory. The armory is located directly across the street from the Hale County Hospital in a restricted "quiet" zone. The town wondered why some of the older civil rights workers "were suddenly filled with the blood bank zeal" when almost none of them had previously seen fit to cooperate. They wondered even more when news television cameramen (who had come to cover the demonstrating and picketing) were seen helping the young civil rights demonstrators print signs, and then ushering the pickets up the street so that television camera shots of them could be taken.

Feeling it was unseemly and unwise for the negroes to use the blood bank as a weapon to dramatize their civil rights program, Judge R. K.

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Greene, Hale County Red Cross Chapter chairman, ordered a cancellation of the blood bank drive.

"Peaceful demonstrations" by civil rights groups (particularly in the South) have been encouraged by highest federal officials — regardless of the danger such demonstrations can foment. But a permit is still needed, even in Alabama, for a "legal" parade. Such a permit was requested by civil rights leaders in Greensboro, after their July 16th massive demonstration at the Court House.

The parade (intended, ostensibly, as a further protest against the unsolved burning of the two country churches) would include some 500 demonstrators. It would begin at the A.M.E. Church, progress to the Court House (where speeches would again be made) and follow a circuitous route through the town before the paraders marched, in mass, four miles into the country to the site of a burned church. Mayor Christian refused a permit for the parade as planned. He offered a permit stipulating a shorter route to the church, without prolonged marching up and down the main streets of Greensboro, and without another demonstration at the Court House.

Civil rights leaders sought a federal court injunction against Mayor Christian for violation of their rights. The hearing was held in Selma, before Federal Judge Dan Thomas. In substance, Judge Thomas supported Mayor Christian's stand. The Judge upheld the right to parade with limitations, and upheld the right of free speech and free assembly, but ruled that civil rights leaders do not have the authority to take a town apart, to incite violence against its citizens (black or white), or to put its merchants out of business by massive picketing. He denounced "the outrageous performance" by Martin Luther King and his cohorts who had lured negro students away from classes and padlocked their school.

Judge Thomas ruled that no more than 100 demonstrators could engage in any single parade; that they march two abreast only; and that they not parade during heavy business hours.

Civil rights leaders ignored Judge Thomas' ruling and proceeded with preparation for their parade and demonstrations as planned. One "demonstration" was described briefly by editor Hamner Cobbs, in the *Greensboro Watchman*, published August 12th:

"We do not deny that among these young Negroes, there were a few who were earnest and dedicated . . . but they were obviously in the vast minority. For instance, that rain dance at the corner of Main and Morse early that Monday afternoon was little more than a primitive performance imported from the jungles of Africa, with its contortions, violent dancing and shedding of clothes . . . . That rain dance was an emotional binge . . . . [There is] no excuse for the public display of vulgarity by these Negroes on the local scene. If they demand the right to be low comedians, we may have to put up with it, but it does nothing to promote the serious cause which they claim to be promoting."

The location chosen for the "rain dance" is also interesting: Mayor Christian's home is on the corner of Main and Morse.

On July 26, when the demonstrators in the parade departed from the route outlined by the Mayor and the Court, a road block was set up by law enforcement officers. The demonstrators still would not give up. They stayed at the road block for two days, until they were arrested, in groups, on July 28, 29, and 30. Those arrested were sent by bus to Camp Selma or Camp Thomaston. Charges were placed against virtually all participants: obstructing a street and refusing to obey an officer of the law. By the weekend, most of them had posted bond which, generally, was $100 each.

Of the 317 arrested the first day, 70 percent were 21 years of age or under. Only 20 percent of the demonstrators were over 26 years old. Approximately half of the group lived in Hale County, where Greensboro is the county seat. Some of the others came from Indiana, New Jersey, Massachusetts, California.

We were curious to know why such an enormous demonstration was concentrated on Greensboro. Had the burned churches really been the cause? Editor Hamner Cobbs expressed his opinion:

"No, the churches (and we never found out who burned them) gave them the excuse they

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wanted. After they hit Selma, we were next on their list. A TV cameraman who covered the parade confirmed this. He said he rushed here from Bogalusa because civil rights leaders there told him that 'Greensboro is going to be the next hot spot.'

"What they wanted was a riot and they thought they could stir one up here. They guessed wrong, not knowing anything about Greensboro. They were the most disappointed bunch of people I ever saw."

At approximately the same time the riots broke out in Watts, California, Greensboro authorities learned that a new "white worker" from California was in town, giving lessons (at the A.M.E. Church) in making Molotov cocktails. The church was inspected and the "makings for the Molotovs" were discovered — giving credence to Editor Cobbs' observation that "They haven't finished with us yet."

By mid-August, little interest was shown in further Greensboro demonstrations, as civil rights workers concentrated on voting registration.

Alabama is operating under three sets of rules for registering voters. Qualifications for voting appear to be determined by the whim of the Great Society's Attorney General Katzenbach, who directly controls registration in some counties. Other counties are under the control of federal judges, while others operate under state law.

Evidently, the Attorney General is now pressing the "register-all-negroes" voting law in precisely those counties which have most to fear from rule by illiterates — the Black Belt counties where negroes far outnumber whites.

In Montgomery County, where the level of negro education is higher, registrars may require that an applicant be able to read and write.

Wilcox County, which has much to fear if all standards are swept aside, may not require even the most primitive ability to read and write. Wilcox and Hale County are two of the four counties in Alabama where federal registration of the incompetent and illiterate is being pushed (with the help of civil rights leaders), in what seems to be a federal attempt to glorify illiteracy only where it will do the most damage.

Greensboro seemed to be just such a spot. There, some older negroes (who were brought to the post office for registration) explained their only interest in getting "rettished": they had been told, by civil rights leaders, that they would lose their old age pensions if they did not register. Other negroes were disappointed over not getting some sort of handout or gift after they had "rettished."

Few people in the Greensboro area seemed more irritated over the civil rights activities, from May into August, than Perry Smaw was. Some said his deafness made communication with the old man difficult. Others said Perry was becoming senile. No one denied, however, that he spoke his mind clearly, using the vernacular of his people.

Standing near one demonstrating group, he had called out:

"Who is this nigger Martin Luther King who's causin' all this?"

After watching northern white student leaders with groups of negro marchers, he observed loudly:

"If the poor white trash would get out of here, we would get along all right."

When members of his family cautioned him against speaking his mind so bluntly, he replied:

"I ain't scared of none of them niggers!"

After the old man's mutilated body was found by his daughter, it was discovered that (along with $25.00 in cash which he was known to have), two of his prized possessions were also missing: a silver dollar good luck piece, and his 76-year-old 38-40 rifle.

Many negroes in this old southern area own silver dollars (called "bo-dollars") which they carry for luck. But Perry's dollar was special: a gift from his daughter, it was minted the year he was born, and was probably the oldest "bo-dollar" in the negro community. His rifle was the only 38-40 in the county.

Deputy David Holloway says that, when news of the attack spread through the community, Smaw's negro friends (young and old) expressed

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fear that this crime had been a deliberate effort to silence the old man, and to serve as a lesson to others who felt as he did. Through one of these people, Smaw's missing "bo-dollar" was located, and was traced to Roosevelt Long.

Evidence against Long (including the stolen 38-40 rifle and the knife used in the mutilation) will be presented at his trial in November. This is not the proper place for such details. But it is worth noting that, as conclusive evidence mounted against him, Long admitted striking the blow that crushed Smaw's skull and then robbing him, but (for several days) denied that he had amputated Smaw's tongue. Here are the highlights of Roosevelt Long's final story that we heard:

According to Long, three negro civil rights enthusiasts in Greensboro had approached him to quit his job and "join the cause." They told him that "the boss sent them." Long identified the "boss" as the Reverend A. T. Days (who has been visited several times since May by one of Martin Luther King's lieutenants). The negroes Long identified as recruiters for Days are known hoodlums with police records. Long claimed that a fourth civil rights henchman threatened him, and shot at him several times—although he had not reported these incidents at the time they occurred.

In an effort to protect himself, Long claimed, he decided to kill the negro who shot at him, and then leave for Chicago. Long lived near Perry Smaw (some say he worked for Perry at one time). He went to Smaw's home to borrow the old man's valued rifle for the killing he planned. Perry was napping at 1:30 in the afternoon when Long arrived. When awakened, he refused to let Long have the gun, and told him to leave. In anger, Long fractured Smaw's skull with the iron skillet, robbed him, and grabbed the rifle. Then, according to Long, he knew that the unconscious, feeble negro had to be kept from talking. So he put down the loaded gun, and found the knife which he used for the amputation.

After the attack, Long did not leave for Chicago. He hid the rifle and the knife, lost Smaw's $25.00 in a crap game, and finally pawned Smaw's "bo-dollar."

One Greensboro official observed:

"If Long just wanted to keep Perry from telling on him, why didn't he use the loaded rifle? Besides, I don't think Long would have had the nerve to try to borrow Perry's 38-40. *Steal it*, yes. *Borrow it*, no!"

Editor Hamner Cobbs said:

"Let me put it this way: if civil rights agitators had stayed out of Greensboro, Perry Smaw wouldn't be dead. Directly, or indirectly, they killed him. This we know!"

Was Perry Smaw's family satisfied with Long's story?

"No, they were not."

How did Perry's negro friends feel about the murder, and about Long? Here are some direct answers we received after promising not to divulge

WHO IS DAN SMOOT?

Born in Missouri, reared in Texas, Dan Smoot went to SMU getting BA and MA degrees, 1938 and 1940. In 1941, he joined the faculty at Harvard as a Teaching Fellow, doing graduate work for a doctorate in American civilization. From 1942 to 1951, he was an FBI agent: three and a half years on communist investigations; two years on FBI headquarters staff; almost four years on general FBI cases in various places. He resigned from the FBI and, from 1951 to 1955, was commentator on national radio and television programs, giving *both* sides of controversial issues. In July, 1955, he started his present profit-supported, free-enterprise business: publishing *The Dan Smoot Report*, a weekly magazine available by subscription; and producing a weekly news-analysis radio and television broadcast, available for sponsorship by reputable business firms, as an advertising vehicle. The *Report* and broadcast give *one* side of important issues: the side that presents documented truth using the American Constitution as a yardstick. If you think Smoot's materials are effective against socialism and communism, you can help immensely — help get subscribers for the *Report*, commercial sponsors for the broadcast.

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identity, and agreeing that comments about the murder were no more than expressions of *personal opinion* — no *proof*, just *opinion*:

"Roosevelt Long wasn't alone when he attacked Perry . . . . Someone watched him do it."

"Long was 'courted and instructed' on how to do it. Someone promised him, 'I will take care of you.' He was ignorant and they used him."

"Long wasn't in Perry's class . . . . Perry, he was a community leader. He was respected and looked up to. He came by it through hard work — being a farmer, working in the earth, in the common way of life."

"Perry hated laziness, particularly in 'the young folks.' He liked to see folks working . . . . He could make enemies with words. Some of our people just laughed when he said the things he did; but the *other side* didn't laugh."

We asked other questions, and were answered politely:

"Sorry, ma'm, I'd rather not answer that one."

Later, Judge Knight asked:

"Would you like to see Perry's place? It looks terrible, but he wouldn't leave it. His cur-dog won't leave now. He just lies there on the porch, waiting for old Perry to come back . . . ."

We wanted to see Perry's place, and the mongrel dog that waited by day and howled by night.

He lay on the broken porch, head between his paws. The Mayor and the Judge called to him softly. He watched them. The men walked to the porch; we stood beneath the giant pecan tree that cast a protective shadow over Perry's cluttered little yard. Reassured, the dog rose and wagged his tail, but did not leave the porch. We looked around us.

"Will Perry be buried here?"

Judge Knight replied:

"No, Perry's going to be buried next to his wife, at the burial plot of his family, on the grounds where my great, great grandfather's plantation once stood. Perry wanted it that way."

We walked toward the car. The dog settled down, still watching us, his head resting on his paws.

The late afternoon sun struck the neat, green rows that stretched across the silent field where Perry had worked "in the earth — in the common way of life."

We stood for a moment looking at the field. Then one white southern American — born and bred to a tradition and heritage that Perry Smaw had understood and tried to defend — turned to the other and said:

"Perry's cotton is almost ready."

And the other replied:

"Yes — we'll take care of it."

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